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How Madea Remembers Jason

Morgan Blalock

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HOW MEDEA REMEMBERS JASON

Mornings, she prunes the herb garden, cuts leaves and stems to wash by hand. Hasn't forged a curse in years, too late grown mindful. But didn't they bend, yielding to one another so they might burn the reeds around the house in shield circles, the only crops that would flourish? What remains: his noise-lack in the kitchen, early riser. Gathering the green in her shirtfront, laying the color out, she moves alone among the rooms where he does not reside. This house is a heartfloor, open wound. See how she lifts the needle slow from the record, considers replacing, drops it back. Do not think about the scorching of his lover's limbs, her handiwork. See how she wakes at night, steps outside to touch the bark of their tree. Everything she was made to do. The herbs on the counter withering.